STORY OF A PAINTING

ROSA BONHEUR PUT FIVE YEARS INTO HER LIFE'S MASTERPIECE.

Her Great Picture of an Equine Duel Given to the World on Her Seventy-Fourth Birthday.

London Letter in Boston Transcript. There need be no hesitation about whence to direct the attention of one who seeks that which will appeal most strongly to the lover of art, nature and emotion in London at the present moment. It will not be to the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which on the whole is disappointing, or to any other playhouse; nor to the new oratorio or any of the numerous concert stages. It is to a small room in King street, where on Monday last was exposed to view the last and greatest masterpiece by that wonderful woman, Rosa Bonheur. I say last rather than latest, because the veteran arnever attempt another chef d'oeuvre. It was upon her seventy-fourth birthday that she gave this final creation of her genius to the world. It occupied five years of her life, and although she still enjoys in remarkable degree that vigor and energy which are the most wonderful feature of this her last production, she will not challenge fate by again discounting heavily at nature's bank of the future.

The subject of the picture, as the readers of the Transcript already know, doubtless, is the duel between the two stallions, the Godolphin Arabian and Hobgoblin. The story of that duel is the most thrilling equine romance ever recorded. Mlle. Bonheur's picture will make it familiar throughout the world, as it already is in the pages of equine history. I cannot forbear quoting certain of its principal features from the version given by Mr. F. G. Stephens in a brochure which was distributed among the visitors at the private view

"It appears that, some time about 1728-Monarque himself, had dispatched not fewer than eight barbs as presents to that great king, the Sollel Royal of France. They were horses of the purest blood and long descent; of, so to say, the veritable blood royal of the regency and its deserts, where they were valued at prodigious prices, and the gift, as a whole, was such as only monarchs could give or take. Among these eight barbs (the name affirms their Arabian origin) was a young stallion of ultra-distinction and extraordinary beauty and strength, but such as had, at the time in question, hardly attained the fullness of his powers. With this fine horse, whose native name was 'Scham,' was sent Agba, a Moor, who thoroughly understood the proper treatment of barbs, and by the warmest ties of his nature and character was deeply attached to his charge, round whose neck there hung, when the creature, reaching Paris, was presented to the great King, a little embroidered bag of camels' hair containing the illustrious pedigree and history of Scham.

SCORNED THE RECORDS.

else to do than master these records, and that in a short time the eight barbs, and Scham among them, were handed over to the royal grooms, who, not understanding the virtues of the Arabian strain in horse breeding, so completely disregarded the document and certain amulets that came with it, that, to the indignation of Agba, they threw the bag and its contents on a dunghill, and finally handed the noble stallion to the tender mercies of the controller of the royal kitchen, who could do nothing better with so beautiful a steed than 'employ him to draw the kitchen carts that ran between Paris and Versailles.' And the pride of the desert revolted at this indignity, and ere long Scham became so unmanageable and furious that he was sold for a few crowns to a needy, ignorant and brutal carter of Paris, who not only nearly killed his steed by working him in heavy carts, loaded to the extremity of the creature's strength. but half-starved, beat and neglected him to an extent which seems incredible-as it is described in the pitiful history of Scham. According to this authority it is known that the Arabian's stable, where he ought to have found rest and protection against the bitter frosts of the winter of 1732, was a mere hovel, or half-open shed in the Rue Guenegard, where, too weary to lie down, overcome by cold debiliated by toil and lack of food, dirty and neglected, Scham was in a very bad plight indeed. Though incapable of taking rest, the unhappy animal was roused early every morning to begin a new day's hard work, and at evening almost dragged back again to endure the sufferings of a new night. "Under this sort of treatment Scham would have perished in a little while if it

had not been for the devotion of his Moorish attendant, who had preserved the pedigree of his protege, and, though more than half-starved himself, contrived to do something for the alleviation of the horse's distress, and, one day, the drunken carter having left the key of the corn bin in the lock, actually stole oats from the box and tempted his famishing favorite with them; the himself of the food, which, musty withal, was anything but palatable; Agba, though at his wit's end, contrived to light a fire in the stable yard and boil the corn upon it. Tempted with this and encouraged by the caresses of his faithful friend, the horse revived a little and was able to make a better meal than he was accustomed to. In due time, almost ere the cold dawn had come, the carter arrived, lantern in hand, half-drunk, and irritated by the debauches and fatigues of the previous day and night. In striving to harness Scham the ruffian received a kick which added to his furies and caused him to vow as much vengeance as he dared to inflict upon the horse whose strength found him bread and drink. Looking round, he noticed the half-emptied bin, and the discovery increased his wrath and gave depth to his vows of vengeance upon Scham and Agba. Compelling them to accompany him to a neighboring brick-field, the brute loaded the cart with two extra courses, and then, leading the horse, returned to the city, where, with numerous curses, he dismissed Agba to beg his bread in the street. SUFFERED INDIGNITY.

"Staggering upon the frosty pavement, his efforts the carter's heavy whip dewere almost wounds, and scored the hide that nature made so beautiful.

no more. Slipping upon the slippery stones, he fell, and was pinned to the ground by passengers troubled himself to protect the blows. The inhuman wretch was about to of the mines from July 1, 1895, to Dec. 31, set fire to a wisp of straw and apply it to the flanks of poor Scham when an Englishman, a Quaker, intervened, tempted the carter with fifteen louis as the price of the horse, had the deature relieved from the cart and led to the stable, where, with some fragments of the stallion's history, he heard of his high descent, as well as of the devotion of Agba. Agba, it seems, had already reached the miserable hovel, and there the Quaker engaged the Moor to resume his old office as groom to the horse. In a little while so efficacious were the attles of Scham began to reveal themselves in his person and his temper.

"His frequent escapades, such as throwing his riders, pained the kind-hearted Quaker so deeply that he determined to commit the ungovernable creature to the tender mercles of a trainer. In the trainer's charge, and separated from the faithful Agba, Scham's sufferings again brought the groom into trouble. Having fraudulently gained access to his favorite's stable, the Moor was found there, and as an intruder committed to prison. The Quaker, hearing of this, in-duced a certain noble lady to intercede on the Moor's behalf. In company with Lord Godolphin, her nephew, she visited the prisoner in fail, and being touched by the pathos of his story, obtained his release. Lord Godolphin bought the horse and sent both man and beast to his estate near the Gog Magog Hills, in Cambridgeshire, where he maintained a large racing and breeding establishment. "It was there that the name of Scham was practically changed into the Godolphia Arabian.' The famous white mare Rozan

was then the property of Lord Godolphin, who spent immense sums and inexhaustible care upon the perfecting of a breed of horses which he employed on all the race-tourses of England. It was a matter of supreme importance to find a suitable husband for the equine charmer. It was presumed that in this capacity there was no possible rival to the then most admired stallion Hobgoblin, the father of many a racer of note, and for his prowess and strength renowned throughout the kingdom. Like all the stallions of his order, Hobgoblin was slightly more obese than the Hobgoblin was slightly more obese than the perfection of equine beauty required he should be, and this excess of embonpoint slightly concealed, or, at least, modified, the fine lines of his muscular torso and powerful limbs; but his head, small and square, was charmingly expressive of stallionhood and character.

THE EQUINE DUEL.

"Lord Godolphin invited a party of friends one day to inspect the three horses. Hobgoblin, Scham and Roxana. The three beautiful animals were led out, first Roxana and then Scham. As soon as the Arabian caught sight of Roxana his delight found vent in neighing, strident and vigorous. Roxana reponded no less warmly. When, however, the overfed and luxurious Hobgoblin was led forth and the Arabian was led from the scene, the case was entirely altered. The spectators were astonished at Scham's furious resistance to the rein, and still more by Roxana's unconcealed aversion to the English horse. Scham himself was not more unmanageable than the angry mare, which turned her heels against every one who approached her. Nothing could be plainer than this case of love at first sight. Lord Godol-phin was vexed and perplexed. He was about to order that each horse be confined to a separate stable, when the difficulties of the case were gotten over in a novel way and through the humble instrumentality of the Arabian groom. Intensely distressed by the sufferings of his favorite, Agba could no longer endure it. Hastily unbuckling Scham's leading rein, he opened the door of his loose box and gave him his liberty.

"With a roar, as that of some wild beast scaped from his cage, Scham bounded into courtyard; so panic-stricken were the two grooms, that the leader of Hobgoblin ned his horse to his fate and fled for his life, while the attendant of Roxana, after hastily tying her leading-rein to a post followed his example. Then began such a ombat as the onlookers had never beheld before. After eyeing each other for a secforce that they both staggered backwards, for a yard or two; after a pause they closed, and then Hobgoblin, who was much the heavier, seemed to gain a slight advan-1731, the then bey of Tunis, a magnifico of tage. He had gripped Scham across the the first rank among the vassals of Achment loins with his teeth, and bore him down by III, the then grand Turk, desiring to ingra- his superior weight. The pain of the assault rendered Scham even more furious than betiate himself with Louis XV, the Grand fore; he quickly recovered, and, shaking upon the body of Hobgoblin that the latter became half stunned and near-Besides, he was so

and unfit for violent exertion that he was soon at Scham's mercy. his teeth firmly set in Hobgoblin's crest, the Arabian worried him so fiercely that when the lord of the harem was able to get away he slunk off, cowed and beaten, and took efuge in Scham's empty box. Roxana had held the battle with anxiety and dismay, ut when it was concluded she saluted the lctor with no uncertain sounds."

No animal painter ever selected a bolder or more inspiring subject than this duel which Mile. Bonheur has depicted. She has chosen the moment when the Arabian with forefeet in the air has seized with his teeth the crest of the English horse. It is useto attempt to describe the picture. Equine beauty and equine fury were never splendidly portrayed. It is the eyes of the two horses that more than anything else impress one. Those of the one blaze with triumphant wrath, those of the other with

This canvas will assuredly be one of the "It seems that King Louis had something most famous of the Victorian era. It is a fitting climax of the long life-work of the greatest mistress of art of her day.

> A Psalm of Art. If you want to make a fashionable poster For to advertise a novel or a pill, You can do it, sir, and be a smiling boaster That the selling is a matter of your skill. You must draw a dame with awful angular-

In a landscape that's geometry run mad; Give her frock a sweep with long particu-And a pattern that no raiment ever had.

Oh, the sky it must be green and the tree i And a lake must look a claret-colored bub-

And a foreground must be found That can be a far background; But a fashionable poster's worth the

Pray be careful that you're never true to na-

Pray be wary lest you're ever true to art. Not a touch of beauty to a human feature! If you dare do that, my boy, you'll break my heart!

Make a purple sun against a salmon moun Paint a torrent every wave of which is Spread a figure in the middle, wrestling with

a tall horse fiddle. All the colors ranged in strata on her gown Oh, your rocks must be triangular, your

clouds must all be square, And a garden must be rank with crazy And raw red and blue and yellow must be jostling each his fellow: And you thus have art for Trade, and Cash

-Harper's Magazine.

PROFITS OF DIAMOND MINING. Last Year's Net Income from the De Beers Mines Was \$11,222,840. New York Sun.

The South African diamond mines of the De Beers Consolidated Mines Company yielded, last year, a clear profit of \$11,222,840 The diamonds taken from the mines sold for \$15,530,790. The expenses of operating the mines for the twelve months, including a liberal allowance for deterioration of plant and for interest on debentures, were about \$8,525,000. Money received for rents, profits on various investments and miscellaneous sources of income brought up the year's

profits to the sum mentioned. Dividends at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum were paid, which disposed of about \$5,000,000 of the profits, and an equal sum was set aside as a reserve and invested in consols and other sure things, thus assuring another year's dividend in advance. From all of which it will be seen that diamond mining comes about as near to what it is cracked up to be as anything does in this

The average yield of diamonds was 0.85 carat in each load of clay. The average value of the diamonds mined was 25s 6d a carat, say \$6.12. At the close of the fiscal year the company had 3,360,256 loads of clay on its floors ready for the sifting process. This was taken into account as being worth, in diamond possibilities, 1s 6d a load, although the clay has usually averaged 2s 6d a load. This would make the real profits, realized or in sight, even more than stated in the figures given above. And last year's results showed an increase in revenue from diaonds produced and sold of \$1,428,955 over

the previous twelve months. An increased price was received for diamonds last year over the previous year, and the directors believe that the present high rates will be fully maintained if the output is carefully regulated. There is a good deal of skill necessary in the manipulation of an output of \$15,000,000 worth of diamonds a year. The company's future is comfortably ssured for some time at least, as a diaand syndicate has purchased the output of the mines up to Dec. 31, next, at a price equivalent to \$18,000,000 for the twelve months of this year. This is an increase to the company's profits of about \$2,500,000 over

Napoleon Tries to Smoke.

Gentleman's Magazine. The man who had conquered Europe was imself conquered by a pipe of tobacco, a Oriental pipe of wonderful beauty and inventive skill was presented to Napoleon by a Persian embassador. Though he was an immoderate snuff-taker, he had never smoked, but he would try this pipe. It was duly charged with tobacco and lighted, says Constant, but his Majesty, instead of drawing up the smoke in the usual way, merely opened and shut his mouth with meregularity. Losing patience, he exwas remarked that he had made the attempt badly, and he was shown how to smoke properly. But the Emperor reverted to his automaton-like performance; the pipe went out, and Constant was desired to relight it; this done, he again instructed his master in the proper method of smoking. Deter-mined not to be balked again, the Emperor resolutely drew up the smcke, and, swallow-ing it, it came out of his nostrils and blinded

Wheel Predictions. San Francisco Call. The time is coming when the blcycle race will be very nearly synonymous with the uman race.

him. As soon as he recovered breath he cried out: "Away with it! Oh, the hog! Oh, my stomach! My stomach turns!" This was Napoleon's first and last experience of smok-

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT

STARTLING HISTORICAL FACTS RE-VEALED BY HIS MEMOIRS.

The Famous Frenchman Shows Up the Wanton Lives of Both Josephine and Eugenie.

New York Journal.

Henri Rochefort, unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of modern times, commenced a short time ago to publish his memoirs in a Paris newspaper under the title "The Adventures of My Life." The first part of these reminiscences has just been issued in book form. Few men are better equipped to write a stirring account of contemporary history, and particularly French history, than Henri Rochefort, He has known personally every man and woman of note of our time, and has been connected in some way with every important event. He has been everything a man can be-clerk, reporter, dramatist, novelist, soldier, convict, deputy and one of the leaders of the bloody Commune which attempted to destroy Paris after the fall of the empire. It was Rochefort's brilliant periodical "La Lanterne" which hastened the fall of Napoleon III. He has been an inmate of nearly every prison in France. He has been sentenced to death once and exiled from his country three times. When the popularity of Boulanger was at its height Rochefort's paper L'Intranssigeant was the official organ of the ambitious general.

Rochefort's reminiscences begin when he was a child eight years old. Although allied to very prominent families, Rochefort's father was very poor, all the immense property that his father, the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay, possessed having been the prey of the revolutionists. The grandfather took refuge at Coblentz with all the rest of the emigrant nobles, but being more far-sighted than the others, he sold his property in France before it was confiscated by the republic, and as he was a great spendthrift, there was naturally nothing left when he came back to France in 1815.

Rochefort's grandmother did not follow her husband to Coblentz, but lay hidden in Paris. always hoping that "the troubles would soon end." but the 10th of August and the arrest of Louis XVI were the last blows to the hopes of the royalists. Toward the end of 1792 Rochefort's grandmother was arrested and sent to the conciergerie, where a little later she was joined by Mme. du Barry, the notorious mistress of Louis XV.

THE VULGAR DU BARRY Concerning this woman Rochefort says: "In 1793, a few days before her incarceration, the du Barry woman was still receiving from the state a pension of 10,000 livnes, which Louis XVI had granted her. She was arrested not, as has been said, owing to a trap laid by the negro Zamore, but for having stupidly attracted attention to herself by unreasonable and incessant demands on the treasury, which, at the time of her power, she had completely exhausted. On entering the prison she seemed to forget all the aristocratio manners which she had acquired in associating with persons of quality. The common woman of the street reappeared completely as soon as she found herself between the four walls of the prison, in which, perhaps, she had been often put in her

"My grandmother said how surprised she was at the coarseness, gross ignorance and stupidity of this woman, who had filled France and Europe with her name and her reputation for beauty. She told my grandmother that a large casket containing, among other precious jewels, a portrait in miniature of Marie Antbinette, magnificently set in diamonds, which the Queen had presented to her, was buried in the Parc de Louveciennes, where it presumably is to-

Rochefort's grandparent also throws quite

new light on the execution of Marie An-

coinette. The historians have told us that the Queen went proudly to the scaffold and maintained such self-possession that she apologized to the executioner for having accidentally trodden on his foot. This, according to Mme. de Rochefort, who was an eyewitness, is the purest fiction. "My grandmother has often told us, writes Rochefort, "that the crowd around the scaffold was extremely apathetic, and that the Queen, who was almost in a fainting condition, was bent almost double. They almost carried her up to the bascule of the guillotine, on which she fell motionless. Immediately after the execution a young man limbed up the staircase of the scaffold and soaked in her blood a handkerchief which he mmediately hid in his bosom. He disappeared before anybody thought of stopping im to ask him whether the sentiment which dictated his act was hostile or sympathetic. Rochefort claims that he alone knows the true history of the Queen's necklace, which he says was the only natural consequence of Marie Antoinette's love of pleasure and extravagance. His grandfather was very friendly with the Marquis D'Autichamp, who, at the court of Louis XVI, was called the handsome D'Autichamp. Marie Antoinette took special notice of the Marquis, and it was he she confided in when the terrible scandal came to light which suddenly revealed the Queen of France accepting money from a cardinal.

A STARTLING FACT. "It is difficult to conceive," says Roche-

Louis XVI, to buy her the necklace, costing 1,600,000 livres, she went to the Cardinal de Rohan, who at the time boasted of being unable to live without an income of two million francs a year, and of possessing charms which no woman could resist." Rochefort's father, during the Restoration,

became Governor of one of the French colonies, and in this position he naturally came in contact with some of the officers who had been stationed at St. Helena during the time of Napoleon's imprisonment there. Napoleon, my father used to tell me says Rochefort, "was by no means the heroic and impassive Jugurtha, who, captured by the Romans, dies of hunger without attering a complaint. The Corsican passed from the most haughty demands to the most

ilsgraceful humbleness. Everybody at St Helena was stupefied on receiving from Naoleon a letter of condolence, which he deired to be sent to Louis XVIII, when the Duc de Berry died. This man, who had assassinated the Duc D'Enghien, the King's cousin, and who expressed to the King inlignation and sorrow at the assassination of another nephew, could hardly inspire his memies with anything but disdain. And this ilsiain was accentuated when at the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux Napoleon sent his congratulations on the happy event which assured henceforth the throne to the Bourbon dynasty. "It is possible that these acts of abject

everity of the allied powers toward him. He imagined until the last moment that St Helena had only been chosen as a temporary place of exile and that before long they would permit him to choose between several places, either in Europe or in America." Concerning the marriage of Napoleon III to Eugenie, the journalist says: "In France, where habit becomes a second or even first nature, people imagine that the Empress is an Empress. But I well remember the explosions of incredulity with which the first rumors of the marriage with Mile. de Montijo were received and the indignant stupefaction when the news was officially confirmed. Napoleon had also the bad taste to insert this phrase in his matrimonial an-

politeness conceal the hope of softening the

"'I am about to marry a woman whom love and whom I respect. "Just as if a man could ever be cynical enough to confess that he was about to mar-ry a woman he didn't respect! It was as if he said directly to the French people, 'Pos-sibly you don't respect her. With me it's different.'

Then all the ballad singers began to com pose comic songs about Napoleon and his bride, and Mme. Montijo, the mother-in-law, who was totally lacking in distinction, came for her share. One of these songs, itled "Mme. Caesar," was composed by Rochefort himself. He was then twenty-two years old

Rochefori continues: "All the members the imperial family, the Princess Mathilde and others, were exasperated, and it was about the Emperor's bride. They declared that she had been born two years after the death of her father. The official proclamation of the wedding caused a fall in stocks at the Paris Bourse and the aristocratic

EUGENIE AND JOSEPHINE. altar he made the following remark in public: 'She will have the virtue of Josephine.'

"Now the goings on of Josephine before, during and after her marriage with Napoleon had been so notoriously scandilous that her

grandson could not have been ignorant of her true character. In 1870, when I was sent

as member of the government for the national defense of the Tuileries to seize the Emperor's papers, I found a tetter from Josephine to the Secretary of Barras. It ran as follows: "Tell Barras that I shall not be able to take supper with him this evening. Bonaparte comes back to-night." This compromising note had been carefully preserved by Napoleon III, in one of the drawers of his desk. On it be had written in his own hand,

"Josephine was not only Barras's mistress but she was an accomplice of a band of rob-bers, who swindled the French government out of millions of francs under the pretense of furnishing food and clothes to the French army. It has been proved that she influenced the placing of contracts, and that she received large commissions for so doing. Such was this Josephine, whose virtues Mile.

Montijo, was to imitate. I am inclined to think that she imitated Josephine very faithfully, because, during the Franco-German war in 1870, the soldiers at Sedan were furnished with the same camboard shoes as the defenders of Genoa in 1799."

Rochefort's parents had no great opinion of his literary ability. When he was a young man he was known at home as "the A gentleman who had procured Rochefort a position on the staff of the Charivari, went to Rochefort's mother to tell her the good news.
"'What have you done, sir?' my mother and sisters exclaimed," says Rochefort.
'Our brother is absolutely incapable of writ-

ing in such a journal as the Charivari. They

won't employ him three days. Ah! the poor, wretched boy! What madness can have

taken him now?" Rochefort's first duty on the Charivari was to invent legends for pictures and cartoons drawn by Daumier. "The artists," says Rochefort, "often turned in their pictures without having themselves the slightidea what they represented, and had to break my head to make text fit intelligently. For that work I was paid five francs a month, for in those days, if anyone predicted that a day would come when writers of mere chronique would earn as high as two thousand francs a month he would be set down as a vision-ary and illusionist. Later, when I went on the staff of the Figaro, and it got abroad among the Boulevard cafes that my articles were paid for at the rate of a hundred and twenty francs a piece, the crowd stood for hours waiting for me to come out of the office. At the Charivari I got two sous a line, and each writer was limited to a mundred lines. This inflexible law limited all our

salaries to eighty-five or ninety francs a

WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

Concerning the war with Austria, Rochefort says: "The war against Austria, undertaken with the object of emancipating the Italians by a man who held the French in bondage, left no impression on me. I only remember the coming home of the troops and the bombastic phrase of Louis Bonamakes war for an idea.' This is absurd. Nations never make war, but governments do, which is not always the same thing, and sometimes it's quite the contrary. I never took any interest in battles, all of which seem alike to me. If you receive more nombs on your head than the enemy you are beaten; if the enemy receives more bombs than you he is beaten. It's a virtue in war to get killed and it's a sign of luck when one isn't killed, but as the intellectual or moral quality of the person killed has nothng to do with the result, I've never been able to take much interest in warlike operations, most of which are surgical. The only fighting by force of arms that has ever been able to move me or excite my en-thusiasm is the struggle of the weak against the strong, or of an oppressed people against its despots. So it can be imagined how enhusiastic I grew when one fine night in May, 1860, the news came to Paris that Garibaldl, at the head of 1,000 men, had raised

the standard of revolt in Sicily. During the siege of Paris, Rochefort and a few other members of the government of the national defense took measures to keep the masterpieces of the Louvre from falling into the hands of the Germans. He says: 'We went to the Louvre and took down a number of celebrated pictures, notably the 'Noces de Cana,' the 'Tombeau' of Titlan; the 'Belle Jardiniere' of Raphael; 'Depart pour Cythere,' of Watteau, and we sent them to Brest, where they were placed on a ship which was kept ready to sail at the first alarm. This measure was, however, insufficient, on account of the number of masterpieces left behind. Happily, and probably owing to forgetfulness on the part of Bismarck, who is not enormously interested in art, our National Museum was not included

in our war indemnity."

The story of how Rechefort started his famous pamphlet is most interesting. Rochefort was one of the most bitter enemies the Imperialist party, and the government feared him as such. He was not able to say in the papers with which he was connected all that he wanted to say, and all that people expected him to say, so he determined to start a weekly pamphlet of sixty-four pages, in which he would be absolutely in dependent. He determined to call it "La Lanterne," explaining as his reason that a antern serves both to light the way of honest people and to hang evil doers.

The press censorship in those days was very severe and Rochefort had great difficulty in obtaining a permit of publication. He started with a capital of 20,000 francs, subscribed by Villemessant, editor of the Figaro, and M. Dumont, one of the proprietors of that journal. Rechefort thought that it would be sufficient if they printed 4,000 of the first number, but his printer prevailed upon him to print 15,000. The day of publication came, "La Lanterne" was issued at 11 a. m., and two hours later the entire edition was bought out; by 4 o'clock they had sold 40,000, and the presses were going at full speed, unable to satisfy the demand. By the next morning 120,000 had been sold, and Rochefort himself had to run all over Paris to recruit binders to sew the copies. No such journalistic success had ever been known in France. The second number was even more successful than the first, and the Parisians liferally fought to secure copies. Rochefort used to receive 500 letters a day, mostly from women. Napoleon HI made several attempts to stop the cess. And it unquestionably did much to hasten the final ruin of the empire.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE. The Perfect Vehicle Will Come Slowly but Surely.

Cassier's Magazine. A little reflection will convince any one that the use of motocycles, or, in other words, horseless carriages, will improve the roads. Gen. Morin, of France, is authority for the statement that the deterioration o common roads, except that which is caused by the weather, is two-thirds due to the wear of horses' feet and one-third due to the wheels of vehicles. This being the case, if the same amount as usual continue to be laid out upon the roads, and the continua damage decrease two-thirds, then the amount spent will go to increased and permanent improvement, and the roads will be 'as smooth as a barn-floor.

There are many questions to be solved many difficulties to be surmounted, before the unexceptionable vehicle appears. It was a long time before the difficulties of making sewing-machines, revolvers, repeating rifles typewriters and typesetters were overcome. Yet, examine them! It is all plain and simple, and not at all marvelous now, and we can hardly imagine how any machanic could spend years of time studying over such easy problems. So it will be with motocy-cles. The mountains of difficulty will sink into molehills, and the ingenuity displayed will be found to take the form of judicious application of ordinary mechanical appliances, approved by the final umpire, the

ommon sense of mankind Those who build automobiles must not permit themselves to think that they were born with all the carriage-makers' lore inherent in them. A man may be a first-class theo-retical and practical mechanic and not be able to make a good vehicle to run on wheels. The perfect carriage, as we know it to-day, is the aggregate of the years of exhaustive trial and experiment and the improvements on that experience made by 1,000

If the carriage-builders bestow upon the new carriage all the art acquired in building the old, and the motocycle men learn the easons of the conventionalities of the trade and adapt their improvements to them, with reference to the opinions of those who are not prejudiced against innovation, they wi both work together in harmony and with one purpose, and, so united, they will make rapid progress in the development of the in-evitable vehicle of the future.

Bernhardt on Stage Make-Up. Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Dry rouge, rice powder and one or two pencils give me all the effect I require. My first application is a liberal coat of cold

cream. I never use cocoa butter nor liquid preparations of any sort. Then, the pencils, the rouge and the powder are applied, and all blended in to produce the effect of smoothness. With us French artists quite much attention is given to the ears, the ostrils and the lips as to the co itself. Of wax to alter the shape of the fea-tures, black court plaster to make missing teeth, of all such things I knew nothing. As I never wear a wig, the only way in which I make up my hair is to dress it appropriately to my costume and the period it presents. I do not believe in the steaming of the face or the facial massage so prevalent in America.

RARE FIND OF GEMS

They Were Worn by Famous Dusky Beauties Who Lived 2,500 Years Before Christ.

New York Morning Journal.

A scene depicted in the Sunday Journal shows nothing less than the bringing to the light of to-day of the bodies of two royal women, who lived at least 4,396 years ago. They wear jewels of a magnificence which proves alone that they were great and fash-

These women flourished at a period when all Europe was plunged in the darkest savagery, before even Greece had begun to emerge from it, at a time when even the ancient Jewish race was in its earliest infancy. They had been dead 3,000 years before the Anglo-Saxon barbarians colonized England. Compared to the civilization which these remains represent all existing civilization is ludicrously new.

In that immensely long ago they lived and loved, and were the heart of a cultivated society, for we know that in ancient Egypt women were free and powerful, and not as in modern Oriental countries. Intrigues of all kinds were part of that society, as they have been of every similar society, and we can be sure that stories are woven into the lives of those women, stories of those early days of the human race, which, if we knew them, would yet move our hearts. From the form of their heads we may judge that they were beautiful, assuming, of course, that they also had that beauty which is skin deep. By them doubtless princes and statesmen and great soldiers were made happy, or suffered death, and for them the mysteries of a magic which the modern world, with all its science, has barely been able to guess at. were put in working.

The women were a queen and a princess of ancient Egypt, of the Twelfth Dynasty, which began about 2,500 B. C. Their bodies HARD LUCK INFANTRY and jewels have been discovered by M. Morgan, a young French Egyptologist, who France is the only nation which a few years. Inscriptions show that they were Queen Khnemit and Princess Ha. M. de Morgan is director general of the Service of Egyptian Antiquities. During the winter of 1893-94 he first visited a stony plateau on the left bank of the Nile, a few hours to the southwest of Cairo. There are situated the famous pyramids of Dahshur; a little to the north are the pyramids of the kings of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties; the "step" pyramid of Sakkara and other impor-tant monuments. The whole district is full of tombs, and all scholars have admitted this fact, yet, strangely enough, no systematic excavations have hitherto been made throughout it.

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND. Rightly conjecturing that his predecessors had discovered the most important remains that were to be found at the north of the plateau, M. de Morgan turned his attention to the southern end, and the results of his labors have fully justified his decision. Having arranged to live on the spot, so that the greatest advantage might result to archaeology from his labors, M. de Morgan began work with a large gang of laborers. He found it necessary to make first a general clearance of the sand, stones and rubbish which had accumulated, partly through the decay of the buildings and partly through the excavations of other investigators, so that a plan of the walls which surrounded the pyramids might be made out, and any traces of tombs cut in the solid rock might It was customary among the Egyptians for

officials high in the service of their kings to be buried in rock-hewn tombs in the neighborhood of their pyramids. Such tombs have not the importance of pyramids, but they are, notwithstanding, of great value archaelog ically. To these tombs the name of mastaba has been given by the natives, and in the great pyramid field which extends from Gizeh to Dahshur many hundreds of them have been found. Mastaba tombs consist o three parts-an upper chamber above ground, a shaft and a subterranean chamber, in which the sarcophagus is placed. The entrance to the shaft is always carefully concealed, and only long practice will enable the excavator to hit upon the spot where an opening is to be made. Soon after work was begun at Dahshur fragments of inscriptions of kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, about 2500 B. C., were

found, and these served to indicate the age of the monuments found thereabouts. Further excavations resulted in the discovery of a pit and a gallery, in which were a number of tombs that showed plainly the marks of the professional robber. From the remains found there it was clear that they had been tenanted by the bodies of princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty.

Close by a box filled with handsome gold and silver jewelry was found, and it was thought that the box had escaped the hands of the robbers by accident. It is more probable, however, that these gold and silver ornaments were removed from the mummie by the hands of priests or others who had cause to think that they would be stolen, and that they were hidden in a place where the professional thief, expecting to find nothing, would not search. WORK AT THE PYRAMIDS.

The work at the northern brick pyramid at Dahshur having come to an end, M. de Morgan next attacked the southern pyramid, the upper part of which had, however, been reinto their houses. A wall ran round the pyramid, and between it and the pyramid were buried the royal children. At the northeast corner a tomb of very considerable importance was found, for it proved to be that of a royal personage called Au-ab-Ra. whose existence had been hitherto unsuspected. Of the circumstances under which he lived and died nothing is known, but it is Amenembat III, and that he either reigned with him or after him, but before Amenemnat IV ascended the throne For a man who was at one time "King of Upper and Lower Egypt" his tomb was unusually mean. Having cleared out all the mastaba tombs on the north and northeast sides of the pyra-mid of Amenemhat III, M. de Morgan began work on the west side, and here, as elsewhere, success crowned his labors. All the ground was carefully examined, and at ength the entrances to a number of shafts eading to subterranean sarcophagi chambers

Recently M. de Morgan came upon an opening which led by an inclined plane to a that the tomb had not been rifled, he remove the covering and laid bare the gallery to the light of day. On the following day, when room had been made to open the sarcophag which had been placed there, the cover of one was lifted, and, to the great joy of all concerned, it was found to be tenanted by the mummy of the Princess Ha, which was ornamented with most beautiful golden jewelry inlaid with carnelian, turquoise and lapis-lazuli. The fastenings of the collar and some of the smaller portions of the ornaments had become loose, and had dropped by the side of the mummy into the coffin, but they had been wonderfully preserved by the dry stone chamber in which they were buried, notwithstanding the four thousand years which had passed since they were laid In a small vaulted chamber the funeral

offerings were found, together with the vases of unguents, etc., with which the double of he princess was intended to delight itsel When the second sarcophagus was opened was found to contain the mummy of the Queen Khemnit, who had been buried with most valuable articles of jewelry. Those who looked on at the removal of th jewelry from a great queen who had died more than four thousand years ago saw sight which they will never forget. There she lay, with all the insignia of her royal rank, the representative of a race which has come nearest to defying time and achieving

In a chamber near the coffin were found some even more beautiful examples of Egyptian jewelry. There were crowns, pendants, beads and stars of fine gold. They had belonged to the dead women. Very beautiful effects are produced by the inlaying of carnellan, lapis-lazuli and turquoise. The patterns are simple, but very artistic.

"You refer to Jopkins as an amateur

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TRAGEDY FOLLOWS TRAGEDY IN THE REGIMENT AT SHERIDAN.

Soldiers Shot and Killed and Assaults on Colonel Crofton Made the Fifteenth Notorious.

New York Press. There are crack regiments and there are hoodooed regiments. If ever a military organization had a persistent run of hard luck it is the Fifteenth United States Infantry at Fort Sheridan, just north of Chi-

"Another murder at Sheridan!" exclaimed the regulars when they heard several days ago that private Allen had shot private Call. They had quarreled at mess and agreed to settle it by boxing. In the bout Allen was worsted, and he went to the barracks for his revolver. Returning, he fired at Call, wounding him so severely that he died a day or two after. At the same time, by an accidental discharge of the gun, Allen was wounded, but will recover.

In the last three years one officer of the Fifteenth killed a brother officer; a deserter, while attempting to escape, was bored through, the first man to die by the bullet of the Krag-Jorgensen rifle; a lieutenant struck the commanding officer in the face with his fist: another subaltern fired several shots point blank at the commandant; two months ago Colonel Crofton, in command, was requested to apply for retirement and refused to do so; and now comes the enlisted man's murder.

At the beginning of the series of calamities the Fifteenth Infantry quickly got a bad name. It was roasted by nearly every Chicago newspaper, and its transfer to a less-desirable post was almost decided on at Washington. Then came the Pullman strike in the summer of '94, and the regiment did such faithful duty in Chicago in the face of the most exasperating conduct of the mob that every newspaper in town the subject of transfer was dropped. Women stood at the curbstones by the ranks of the Fifteenth, dipped their mops in the gutter and flung them into the faces of the rank and file. The foulest epithets, the heaviest brickbats were hurled at the blue battalions, but the brown Springfields never barked. All this and more is told in one of Capt. Charles King's stories. The fortitude with which the Fifteenth endured what they couldn't help restored them, in a measure, to the comparative esteem in which Chicago holds the regulars, except when it needs them to put down riots.

LIEUTENANT KILLS CAPTAIN. But the serial story of calamity continued. The first chapter was the killing of Captain Hedberg by Lieutenant Maney in 1893. Capt. Hedberg was a martinet, disliked by enlisted in which he was rowing on the lake tipped over, and a couple of privates rescued him. When the three had reached the beach, Hedberg threw a fit because his saviors didn't stand at attention before their captain. Hedberg preferred charges against them, but the finding of the garrison court-martial was "not guilty."
Hedberg had a handsome wife, with whom

he had but little sympathy. With or with-out justice, Hedberg accused First Lieut. James Maney of showing her too much attention. When the officers met one day, they had some words, and Maney drew his revolver and shot the captain. Maney was tried by court-martial, entered a plea of selfdefense, and was acquitted. The civil courts took up the case, but Maney was cleared. Next in the series was a hand-to-hand fight between First Lieut. Blanton C. Welsh and Col. Robert E. Crofton. Welsh made a savage attack on his colonel on the parade, struck him several blows in the face, and was pulled away by the efforts of officers who hurried from the line. Welsh, who was graduated from West Point in 1877, the year of the big rallway strike, was examined as to his sanity and retired in November, 1894, because of disability incident to the service. The third chapter was the shooting of a deserter by a sentinel. The prisoner, with one or two others, was working under guard, when, of a sudden, he bolted for freedom. Several sentinels covered other prisoners, while one of the guard dropped on his knee and fired. His aim was true. The Krag-Jorgensen bullet went through the deserter's head, into and through an eight-inch tree and lodged two feet in a elay bank. The deserter, who had a red record in the army, had achieved distinction. He was the first man to be killed with the new army rifie. The penetrating power of the Krag-Jorgensen had been tried on cadavers, but never before on a living man. The sentinel, it was held, had done merely his duty, and a court of inquiry exonerated SHOT AT THE COMMANDANT.

Chapter 4 was similar to Chapter 2-another assault on the Colonel - a pistol, instead of fists, being used. First Lieut. Samuel S. Pague, who finished his four years at West Point the month that Custer and his five troops were wiped out on the Little Big Horn-June, 1876-had some grievance, real or fancied, against Colonel Crofton. Meeting him in the garrison one day, he drew his revolver and fired three or four shots point blank at his commanding officer. The aim was too good for the shots to go wild, but they missed by enough to save the Colonel from death. Adjutant Blow rushed out from his office, and, with the Colonel, overpowere Pague. Pague's punishment was dismissal from the army. That the alleged grievances of Welsh and

Pague against their colonel could have had little foundation is shown by the fact that no biame has been attached to Colonel Crofon for assaults. But it was felt by the War Department that the commandant of War Department that the commandant of the post and the regiment must in some way be responsible for the apparent laxity of discipline there. So a couple of months ago the news was out that Colonel Lamont, Secretary of War, intimated to Colonel Crofton that the department would be pleased to consider his application for retirement. Colonel Crofton, however, conveyed the impression that he would not be pleased to forward such application. The department forward such application. The department couldn't force him to do it, and the Colonel went on serving out the two years or more yet before his retirement will become compulsory. It has been proved in the case of generals that they can forcibly be retired.

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worth from 65c to \$1. Sale of Silks

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Sale of Capes

been searching for the best markets of this country for Silk and Velvet Capes to sell as a leader for \$5, one that would be the equal if not superior to any \$8.59 cape in findiana. That we have succeeded in this is evidenced by the fact that on yesterday alone we positively sold 110 of these now celebrated \$5 capes. We have about 25 left, which will be sold to-morrow at the same

\$5 Cloth Capes, this week, \$3.25. \$4 Cloth Capes, this week, \$2.95, \$3.50 Cloth Capes, this week, \$2.25. \$2 All-Wool Capes, this week, \$1.25. Another Big Lot

Of those tailor-made suits. The same as we sold last week in black, navy, brown, tan and gray mixed, all kned throughout, velvet collar, box front or blazer jacket, \$4.95. All-Wool Navy Storm Serge Blazer Suits, 5-yard skirts, \$12.50.

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This Week's Shoe Bargains 300 pairs Ladies' fine glazed Kid Shoes, button or lace, \$1.98, the \$3 kind. Ladies' high Tan Shoes, regular \$2.50 grade, this week, \$1.33, Ladies' Oxford Ties, black or tan, leader for 99c. 10 styles in Ladies' Strap Slippers, worth \$1.50 and \$2, this week, 29c.

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